

*issue 12 vol 2*  
**POLEMICAL**  
**ZINE**



**Love**



# ISSUE 12: LOVE VOLUME 2

"For anyone who **wants to love.**"

SING ME BACK HOME\* - KELLY BURGESS



## COVER

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\*FULL SERIES ON PAGES 70-75



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LOVELY TO BE ENJ**

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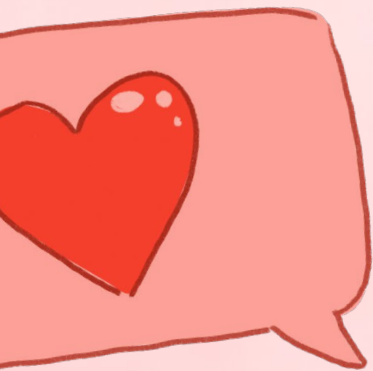
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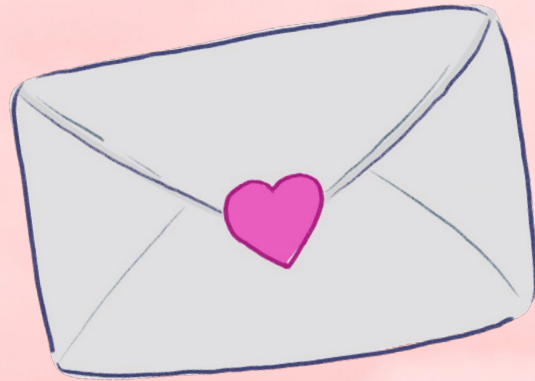
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**LISTEN TO ANDREA**  
in our new podcast!











Paola Mazzocco



I looked her deep  
Deep, into her eyes  
And gave her pity  
Wow, it is what it is

You betrayed me  
Stabbed my back  
Led me astray, Brought me back  
And loved me, loved me ...Loved me...not

I pick apart the flowers  
That regular union,  
our reunion among the wilted garden  
Our flower grew unexpectedly

One was a weed, I couldn't tell  
Which one I uprooted  
For they ---the flower and the weed  
Both grew vicariously and gloriously in the sun



# TAPE DECK

— ALLEGRA ARMSTRONG —

I borrow Jack's tape deck to listen to a book-on-cassette I bought at an anarchist store in Syracuse. There's already a tape in there, so I press play and light a joint while I listen. She's in the middle of telling a story when the recording starts. I don't even think it's her, at first, because it's a woman's voice, not a girl's, so when she says her name for the first time, midway through the recording, I'm confused.

I haven't been too interested in Jack's exes before now, which is probably part of the reason he hasn't told me much about them. I recognize the timbre of his voice in my very marrow. It's evident how much he loves her as he talks to her in the recording, not so much in the words he says but in the way he says them, the soft, feminine quality his voice takes on. It's sweet to me, the tenderness in his voice, but it's her voice, talking back to him, that keeps me rewinding and pressing play. I swim in it; it's that rich.

Mabel University is a big school; I don't think I've ever met her or seen her around, though I know what she looks like from Instagram. I check the club listings page on the Mabel website and see that she runs the Young Entrepreneurs Club, which meets on Wednesday nights in the basement of the history building. I can't imagine what business ventures these kids get up to, and I can't come up with an excuse for why I would even go there in the first place. One glance at my torn-up high tops and even someone who doesn't know me can tell that the closest I've come to entrepreneurship is the occasional drug sale. But I figure it's my best shot at meeting her.

Claire comes back into our dorm room from her shower.

"Get dressed, yo," I say. "We're going out. Young entrepreneur's meeting. Eight o'clock."

"Ha," she says. "I'm busy."

"No, you gotta come with. We gonna cut a bitch tonight."

We don't cut a bitch. We sit outside til eight thirty getting stoned. We sip chocolate milk. True spring is here. We watch the sun go down in our windbreakers.

"Fuck! I wanted to get there on time," I say as we go inside. "I was gonna pretend I wasn't there to stalk her."

"You gonna try and blend into Young Entrepreneur's club?" Claire laughs. "I guess you right, though, like what you gonna say to her now? 'I just came here to stalk you?'"

"Maybe I can pull it off."



It's obvious we've interrupted some kind of PowerPoint presentation. The kid running it stops when we come in. "Are you looking for something?"

She's perched on a desk in the back of the room. Her eyes are literally violet; I could pick her out of a lineup of the entire world. She's wearing the kind of billowy shirt thick girls wear to cover up their stomachs, which only succeeds in making her look fatter. She should be showing off her boobs more, though she certainly succeeds in looking professional. Her hair is long and curly, but not bushy. It shines.

"We're looking for Sophie." I look into her purple eyes.

Her eyebrows raise, but it's like she was expecting me all along; she's poised. "Can I help you?" Her voice is just like it was in the recording; even Claire looks over at me, impressed. It's the voice of a folk singer, fuzzed out over the years by cigarettes, the voice of someone older.

"Um, can I talk to you for a second?" I ask her.

She rolls her eyes. "Do I have a choice?" I like her. She follows us out of the room and Claire closes the door behind her.

"What can I do for you?" Her tone is piercing. I suppose she's honed it to command attention in the room of men we just exited.

"I guess I was just wondering-- would you like to get a beer sometime?"

She snorts. "You're not twenty one."

"You know about me?"

"Yeah, duh, new girl moves in, I do my homework."

I look at Sophie, curious. "What else do you know about me?"

"I know about four people at this school who you've slept with. I hear you don't swallow."

"What? Who told you that?"

She smirks. "Just messing with you."

"I like you," I say. "You're smart and mean. You're gonna be rich someday."

"Did Jack tell you that?"

"Jack's not a big talker," I say. Claire snorts.

"I'm not getting a beer with either of you," says Sophie. "I don't hang out with grunge people or whatever anymore."

I laugh. "We wish we were grunge. But can I call you?"

"If you can get my number from Jack, call away."

"I heard your voice on a cassette tape," I say. "You should read audiobooks."

She rolls her eyes. She looks past me, to the classroom where the boy is presenting, and for a minute I think she's considering following us upstairs, into the humid night. She doesn't speak. She looks at me like she knows me, then turns and walks back into the Young Entrepreneurs' classroom.

It feels like a long time has passed when Claire and I emerge into the world above. Lightning bugs swoop above our heads and the warm breeze is welcome.

"What the fuck?" says Claire.



"She's just-- above us, I guess, morally," I say. "Too old for us."

"She's mean," says Claire. "No wonder Jack likes you so much. She's like his polar opposite." Claire is right about that; Jack is meek, and gentle.

"I dunno," I say. "I think she's got grit." Claire laughs. "You wanna get a beer?" I say.

"I got plans, remember? Love you, though."

As she walks away, I'm hit with a familiar loneliness. I'm restless. Even though Jack's home tonight I don't really feel like seeing him. He won't get what I've done. There's this other guy, Don. He has a car, and I text him sometimes when Jack's out of town.

Don only answers probably one out of three texts, so I'm surprised when he answers me right away.

-Sure I wanna meet up. Where you at?

When he's finished I swallow, because I always swallow, and I pop the tape in. I can tell things have gotten bad because my side dude's car is old enough to have a cassette player.

"Listen to her," I say. "Isn't she amazing?"

"I know that chick," Don says, which surprises me. Don always says he goes to Mabel, or went there at some point, but I never see him around. "Purple eyes girl."

"How do you know her?"

"She used to buy from me, like a while back."

"Buy what?"

"Molly, mostly. I smoked her up a couple times but she never bought weed from me, said she could get it cheaper."

"Don't you like her voice, though?"

"Darling," says Don, I guess because he sometimes forgets my name, "you could spend your whole life wishing for a girl like that. But what's the use?"

"The use is, she's a real person, Don!"

"You don't want her, though. You just wanna do some voodoo magic, turn an old brown cassette tape into a woman. And I'm telling you, it doesn't work that way."

I think I can become friends with her, still, but I don't tell Don that. Out the car window I see a firefly swoop low, and for a moment I wish Don were the kind of the guy who would lay in the grass with me after sex, the kind of guy who looks at the stars. I kiss him, because he's right. It's not her I want. I unlatch the car door and run. I don't stop until I'm out of breath, then walk the rest of the way to Jack's building.

"Jack!" I yell up, even though I know he can't hear me from down here. I'm not sure what I'll say to him, even if he does appear at his window. "Jack! It's spring!"









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# FULL MOON IN GEMINI





# getting ready

now i shave my legs  
the hair spirals in the drain  
my old winter coat

red sparks in my eyes  
pink shimmer on my pale cheeks  
my hand is steady

my lashes are black  
my eyes look so big and wide  
i guess that's the point

take a look again  
my dress is new it is green  
i hope they like me





# Bliss

On a cold night

In a new city

of hazy lights

and shivering laughs

Your lashes dusted with snow

You held my hand

and painted the future

Right before my eyes









# WEARING MAIA















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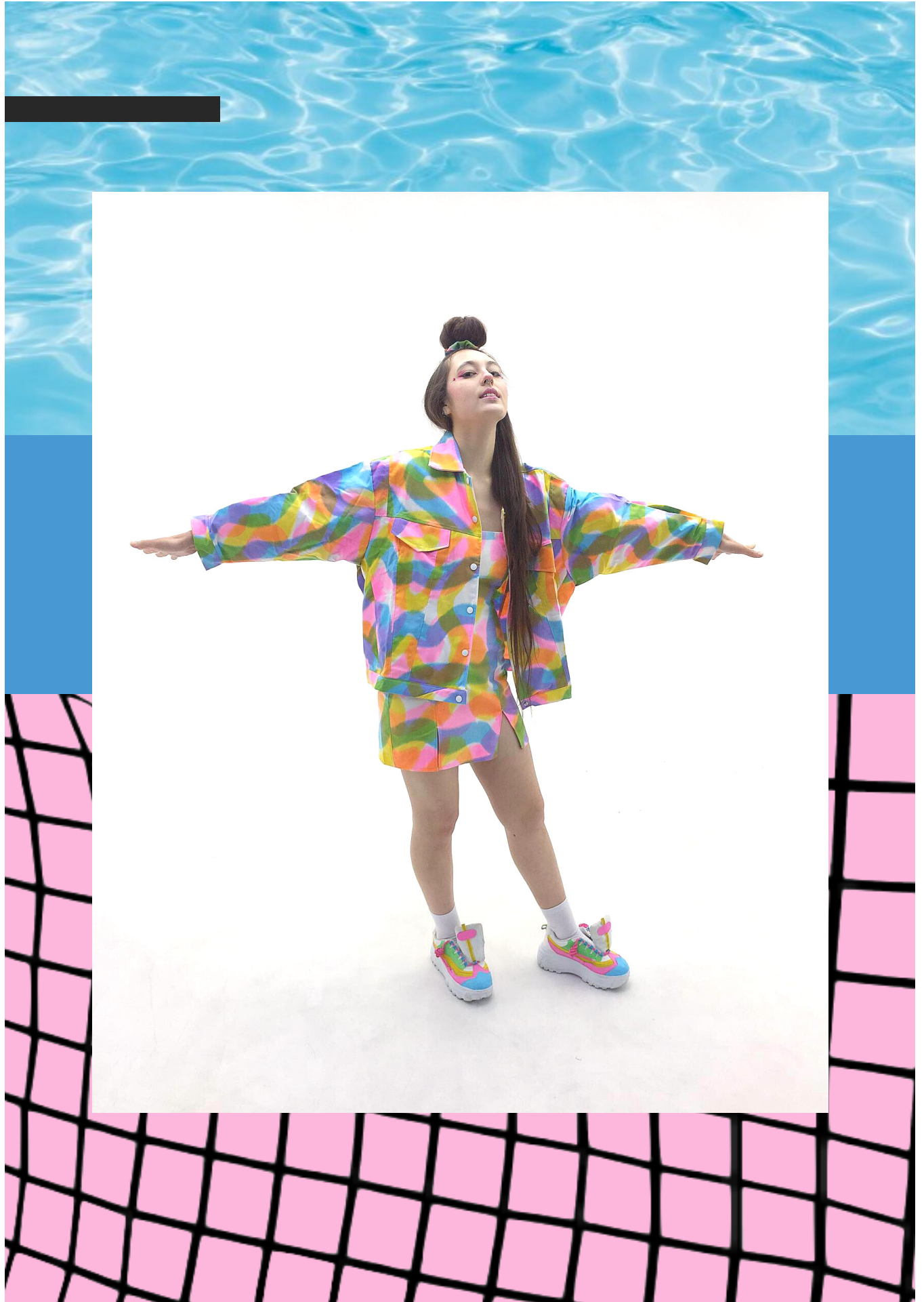
























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Wearing Maia is a Tokyo based independent designer exploring concept art, high end fashion and sustainability. The latest collection was designed for the Tokyo Extinction Rebellion Catwalk, raising awareness of the mass extinction taking place across the globe.

Wearing Maia explores current events and political issues through unbridled colour, expression and innovation, to lure consumers in with beauty and childlike nostalgia with a deeper significance and intent.

Designer: Wearing Maia  
Instagram: @wearingmaia  
Website: [www.wearingmaia.com](http://www.wearingmaia.com)  
Model: Amanda Dostal

Instagram: **@gloomy\_mermaid**  
Photographer: **Maximilian Wohllaib**  
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Website: **[www.makkusu.photo](http://www.makkusu.photo)**



Dear K,

It's been about 13 months since I last saw you in person. I know we've been texting back and forth, but it's not the same. I miss the sparkle of your eyes, the way you push your hair away from your face. The way you push my hair away from my face. The sound of your laugh and the feeling of your hand in mine.

It's been about 13 months since I last saw you in person. I still can't watch Dr. Strange without feeling your head on my shoulder, or listen to a Sublime song without grinning and dancing with you in my head. Every time I think of California I think of you.

What we had was terrifying. Never in my life had I fallen so hard and so fast for anyone. The very second I met you I was obsessed. I had never felt such strong feelings towards anyone before in my life. You made me feel like there were a million strings attached to my chest, pulling my heart towards yours. I couldn't escape, but it was fine. I didn't want to escape.

What we had was beautiful. You never failed to make me laugh. You always seemed to say the right things, listen to the right songs, give the right kinds of hugs. You were exactly what I needed in my life.

I wish I would have kissed you when I had the chance.

Sometimes I replay the moment we said goodbye. As I'm writing this I can imagine the tears that streamed down my face. If I shut my eyes I can still feel the outline of your lips pressed against my salty cheek. There is a pit in my stomach, the same pit I felt 13 months ago as I walked away from you, and towards the airplane that took me home.

But I guess it's not really home when you're not here with me.

There was a time in the not too distant past where I almost told you I loved you. And, in that time, what I felt for you really might have been love. There's a small part of me that truly does believe that what I felt for you was love (or at least the kind of love I needed 13 months ago). But with time and distance, feelings fade, whether we want them to or not.

I don't regret the days I spent in your arms, or the hours-long conversations over the phone in the weeks and months that followed. Maybe someday, we could make things work. Somehow, if our stars align.

But my stars don't seem like they're going to work that way.

So I'm using this as a sort of goodbye. Not to you, of course; I absolutely adore our friendship. But consider it my way of ending the chapter. My final love letter to whatever remains in our romantic autobiography. There's a little part of me that will probably always feel something for you, or at least feel something for the memory of you. But that's exactly it. It's a dangerous game to fall in love with a memory of someone.

We had something that was beautiful, but impossible to keep up. A little part of me always knew that deep down. However, I cannot let the what-ifs from my past distract me from the wonderful, fantastic now. Our new and different, but still wonderful and fantastic now.

Love Always,

Sarah





**LISTEN TO ANDREA**  
in our new podcast!



# TAWANG

Tawang is back. Returned from the mountains, the North East, close to the border. Bringing gifts and home-brewed whisky, nothing like actual whisky but a potent cloudy alcohol. So we stayed up late, drinking of course. In Sadhri's room with the pink fairy lights above us, sat on the floor with a sheet spread out beneath us. Talking about the things that women talk about: politics and social issues. And men. She comes from a matriarchal place. I mean not actually matriarchal, I think the inheritance goes to the mother's brother or some such convoluted arrangement. But not patriarchal that is for sure. Her mother drinks, smokes. She says her father is quieter.

Really I feel like we drink not for the evening but for the next day. When we wake in the morning and all feel like death and sit around in bed together drinking tea and getting food from the mess and watching stuff on our laptops. That's the moment between women, shared comfort and shared pain. Self-inflicted pain. But always many of us in a bed among the blankets and pillows, smoking cigarettes and watching junk on our laptops.

This is camaraderie. And we were doing it before the men were in cages. We had our own women's rituals then and this was it. Do men do this? I've definitely done it with men before, or with a singular man. Is there anything better than lying in bed together the morning after and drinking tea and watching telly? Cartoons or some comedy. Bodies a tangle beneath the sheets. Don't we live for these moments?

Back when I was home, when home was still the place I was from, I used to do this with my girlfriends. Religiously every weekend we would wake up hungover and cook breakfast. Bacon and eggs with hash browns. And then we'd sit on the sofa, downstairs in our parents' sitting rooms watching reruns of whatever. Our parents would be off, in their gardens, out in town but would come back and smile indulgently at their offspring and friends, piled up together. Is that not love?

I couldn't tell you what love is now. I've heard so many people say it or iterations of it. How much they really like you but then you get treated like something antithetical to what you felt love









should be. Romance, the flowers and chocolate and surprise trips, that's love in the movies. But couldn't love just be the person that gets up to make the third cup of tea on a day like this? My mother said that was the hardest thing about being alone. That knowing that every day you have to get up and make the tea. Wouldn't it just be nice to know that one day you could stay in bed and someone else would bring you the tea? I guess that's how I fell for it. He didn't just bring tea; he brought eggs.

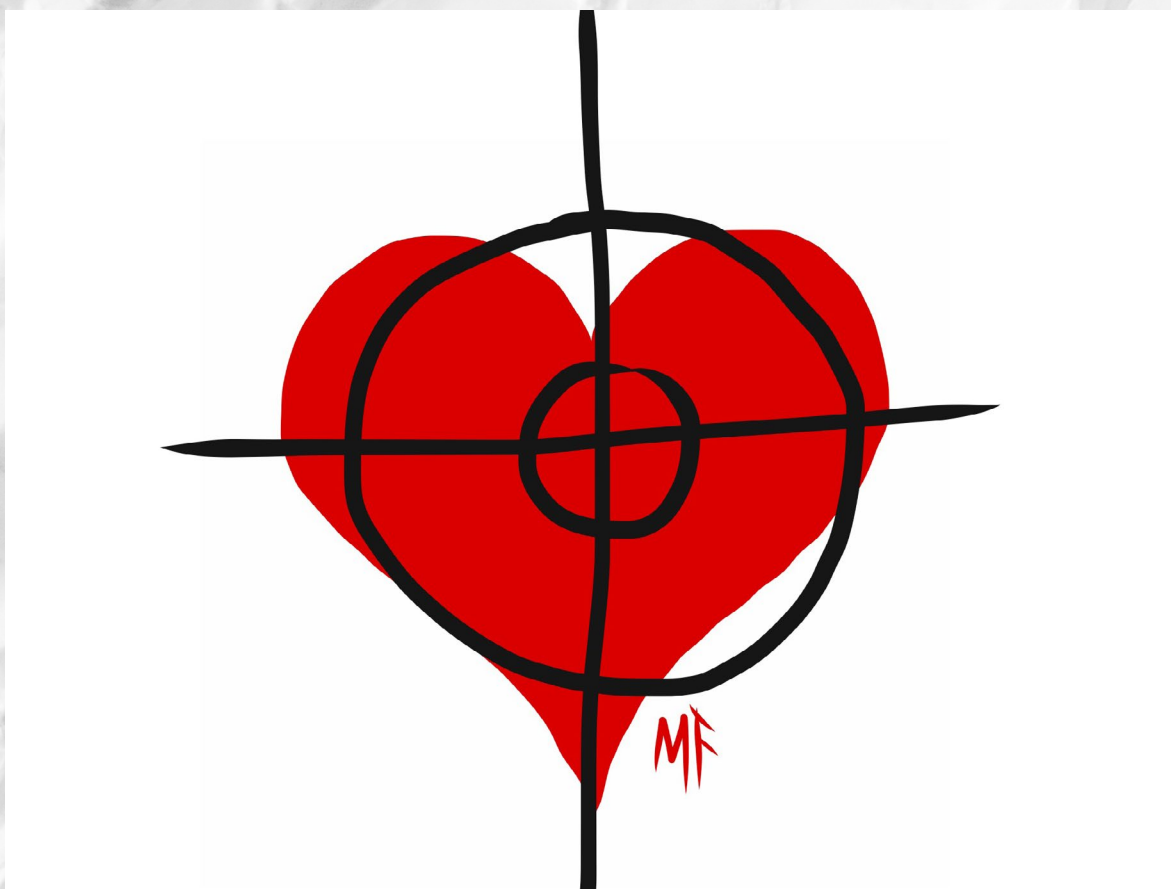
One time, my best friend's mum tripped over the cat coming down the stairs on her way to the kitchen to make tea. Her dad was away and her ankle twisted ninety degrees. From the bed we both heard her scream and ran down the stairs to call the ambulance. I remember her saying afterwards to her father, it's because you were away that I had to go downstairs to make the tea in the morning myself. Said in jest of course. But I wonder how much we are willing to put up with for the morning tea. I'd envision quite a lot.

Because saying you love someone is one thing but doing love is something different. Making love something different too. How often do we think it is love because we are making it? But afterwards it dissipates into the air as if it never existed.

Not here though in this room, with Tawang and Sadhri though. A whole day among the blankets laughing at inane things. Then the girls from the room opposite come over and share in our fun. Make sympathetic noises to our self-induced pain. Would there be moments like this if we didn't drink? If alcohol gets banned as the Party keeps threatening to do? I guess so. And maybe it's the way I was raised, in a culture of repression that means I rely so heavily on the alcohol. It lubricates our ability to love. Makes falling that bit easier.

When it comes to friends you don't even fall immediately. It takes time with some people to build it up. Did I know I loved Sadhri when I met her? No. Nor did I even sense that I would. Tawang maybe it was faster because she's outspoken and funny immediately on meeting so I could see we would be friends. But with friends the falling takes time and then it isn't until later, and many meetings later you realise it is love. I wonder why we put such pressure on immediate feelings with romantic love? There's no time to let it grow.



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Later when Tawang goes back to her dormitory on another part of campus, then it becomes quieter and Sadhri and me sit in our companionable silence. I ask her what her plans are for tomorrow. She sighs in that way she does when I'm stressing her out. It stresses her out that I would ask her what she is doing. For her, every day is as it comes. She will not know until morning. Now we are in this moment, which is still a continuation of the moments before. Meaning we haven't changed from our pyjamas since last night, and haven't washed and will do none of these things until the following morning. She goes to get dinner from the mess and we eat together in the room. This is love. I cannot tell you why. It's just something I know.

**Kate Cheka**



# UNTITLED



there are wrong answers

1

are you well versed in the art  
of breaking hearts,

or more learned in the spells  
of chest swelling love aches

2

do you know how to dance desperate desire,  
do you have the rhythm  
of the lurches inside,  
behind your belly button,  
when you remember  
throwing yourself into past lovers

or do you stay locked in the pose  
of determined solitude  
so no one can see your bleeding feet

3

do you know  
how to dress yourself  
in the style of entice and deny,

or are you swathed  
in polite mystery  
but wear nothing underneath  
so the chafing can remind you:  
you are a sin

4

do you buy real flowers

5

do you sleep to the  
without a pillow,

or do you thrash about  
sweating through y

6

do you even read b

7

do you forgive me

8

are you currently in  
as a blooming flow

9

are you aware of yo  
as it matches the m  
of your beloved so

or do you have no  
what it sounds like,  
is your voice trapped  
in the pink of your

10

do you want to hea



# there are wrong answers

e song of softness,

out in the night  
our comfort

pitch

hagining yourself,  
er

our own voice  
melody  
ngs,

idea

ed  
youngish throat

ar a song

11

are you keeping track of all your gods,

are you waiting for the sky to talk,  
the wind to send you a threat,  
for the stone to vibrate under your touch,  
or to finally know the blessing of sun on your  
skin,

or do you know the things to know,  
are you your own and only devil,  
like i was once,

12

are you how many times you come

or do you stop counting

13

does a blossom taste the same  
after you've sweated out your passion

or have you never eaten a flower

14

do you think the last question is important

15

do you dream:

of me  
of popping your veins out to leave for a while  
of owning everything  
with only a purse at night  
of yourself



16

do you do  
your own revolution;

are you dizzy

or are you at a complete halt,  
paralyzed,

or do you not know  
which way you are throwing your body,  
or care,  
(see question 2)

17

will you ask me a question

or do I have to keep asking them  
on my own

18

Do I want to keep asking?

Or do I want to isolate,  
retreat into the thick and dense of myself,  
and find the answer?

19

Do I want you to come with me?

Do I want you to join me?

Do I want you?

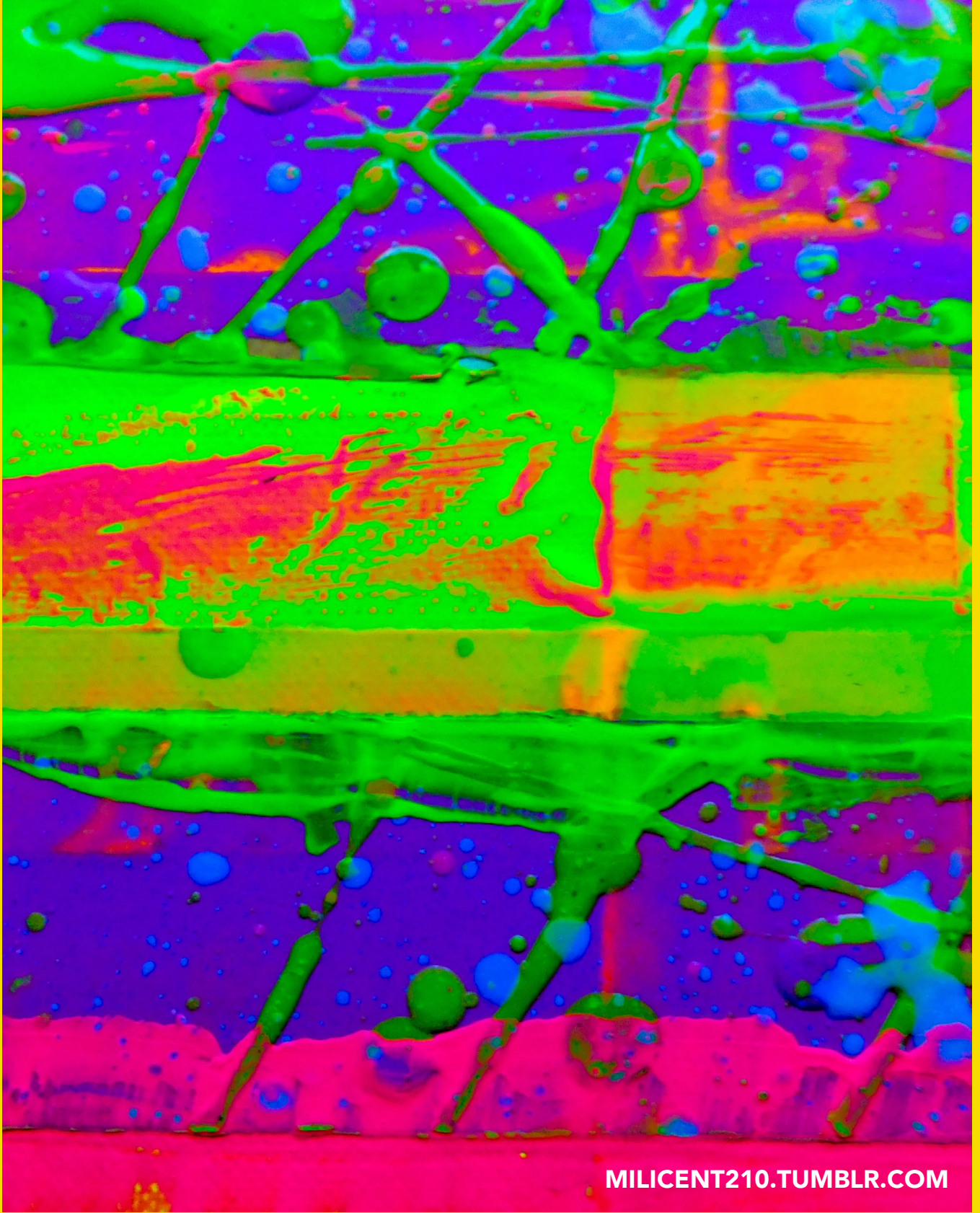
Do I want?

20









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# YOU

I woke up one morning,  
Nearer to the afternoon,  
To find myself watching,  
The trailer of a tv series  
I watched with you.

My heart sank,  
My mood changed,  
Hidden guilt emerged,  
I suddenly felt human again.  
So I messaged you.

We sat together.

My heart melted,  
My mood changed,  
Forgotten love emerged,  
I suddenly felt sane again,  
So I kissed you.

I woke up the next morning,  
Closer to the night before,  
To find myself writing,  
A poem about my thoughts,  
Regarding you.



# MEET THE 4 NEW PIECES OF THE POLEMICAL PUZZLE



## **JAIME** **SOCIAL** **MEDIA** **MANAGER**

Jaime Nguyen,  
she/her

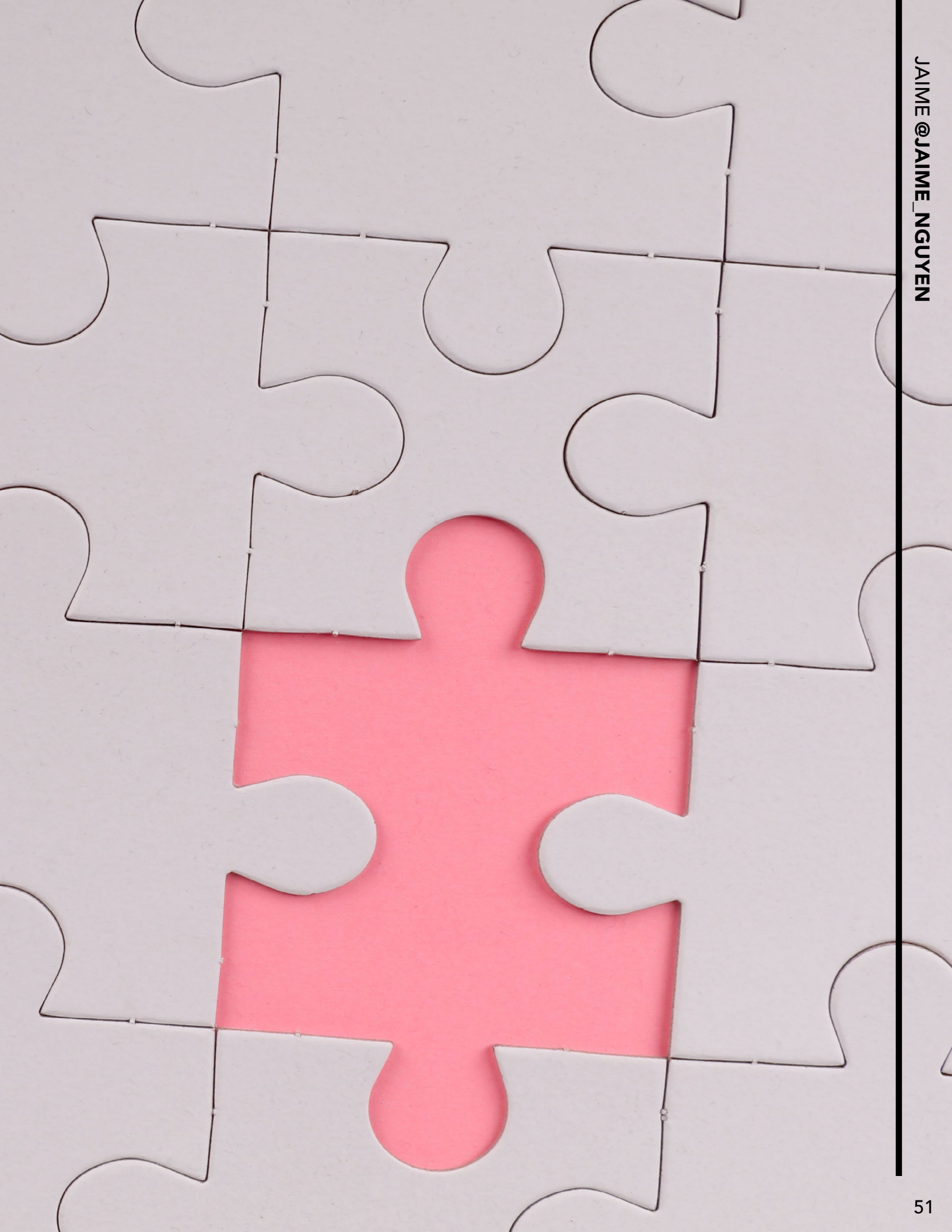
Jaime is a 22-year-old communications professional, born and raised in Toronto. Growing up, she witnessed her brilliant immigrant mother transform her passion for design and fashion into a thriving successful business, cementing Jaime's love for art and fashion at a very young age.

In grade school, Jaime began to realize that while her love and passion for art and fashion may be deep and true, she felt that she wasn't always welcome in those spaces because of the way she looked, being a chunky little Vietnamese girl. After a lot of years trying to figure out where she belonged, Jaime decided to create her own space.

Since then, Jaime has married her passion for the arts with her differences and has channelled this energy into her writing, having started her own blog, Oh! The Foods You'll Know, and having personal cultural essays be published in other varying outlets.

When she's not writing or trying to become the less chaotic version of Samantha from Sex and the City, you can find Jaime on Twitter (@JaimesTweeting) discussing the importance of size inclusivity in fashion, eating dimsum, or dancing her heart out.









# MAGGIE

## GRAPHIC DESIGNER

Maggie Rose Cashman, she/her

Maggie is a Textile & Graphic Designer who recently relocated from Sydney to Melbourne after growing up in the harbour city. She has been creatively driven from a young age, having held her first exhibition as a child, which featured a series of murals drawn in the hallway of her family home. The show received mixed reviews (sorry mum).

Having first studied Art History & Film Studies before moving onto more a hands-on design degree, Maggie draws inspiration from iconic movies, pop culture and a lifestyle of excess. Gender and consumptions are also key themes found in her work, which currently takes the form of bold surface designs, quirky illustrations and both digital and analogue collage. Maggie has aspirations of starting her own print based label, working to design memorable experiences for people and being a creative director.

When she isn't balancing full-time work, freelance gigs and her new role at Polemical Zine, you can find her dancing to disco, binge-watching crime shows or buying jackets she doesn't need.



# LAYAN

## GRAPHIC DESIGNER

Layan Dajani,

Layan is a 19-years old filmmaking and graphic designer. Her passions include boxing, poster designing, and painting. She creates art about dreamy and fantastical themes, but more serious ones too.

Layan has liked to create things since she was a child. She would always draw or do crafts, and she started creating artwork when she was 10. When she is not filming for university, she enjoys found creating artwork or editing videos.

Her goals are to become a better filmmaker and to learn web design.



PO  
C  
VO





## AN DESIGNER

she/her

g student and self-taught  
include video editing, kick-  
photography. She likes to  
fantastical topics, but also  
s ones.

s since she was little. She  
nd this love grew with her,  
ks and collages digitally.  
ersity projects, she can be  
g personal video projects.

ter graphic designer and  
esigning.

**THANK YOU!  
POLEMICAL ZINE  
WOULD NOT BE  
SSIBLE WITHOUT  
OUR PASSIONATE  
VOLUNTEER STAFF  
MEMBERS.**



## SHAIRA GRAPHIC DESIGNER

Shaira Bungcag, she/her

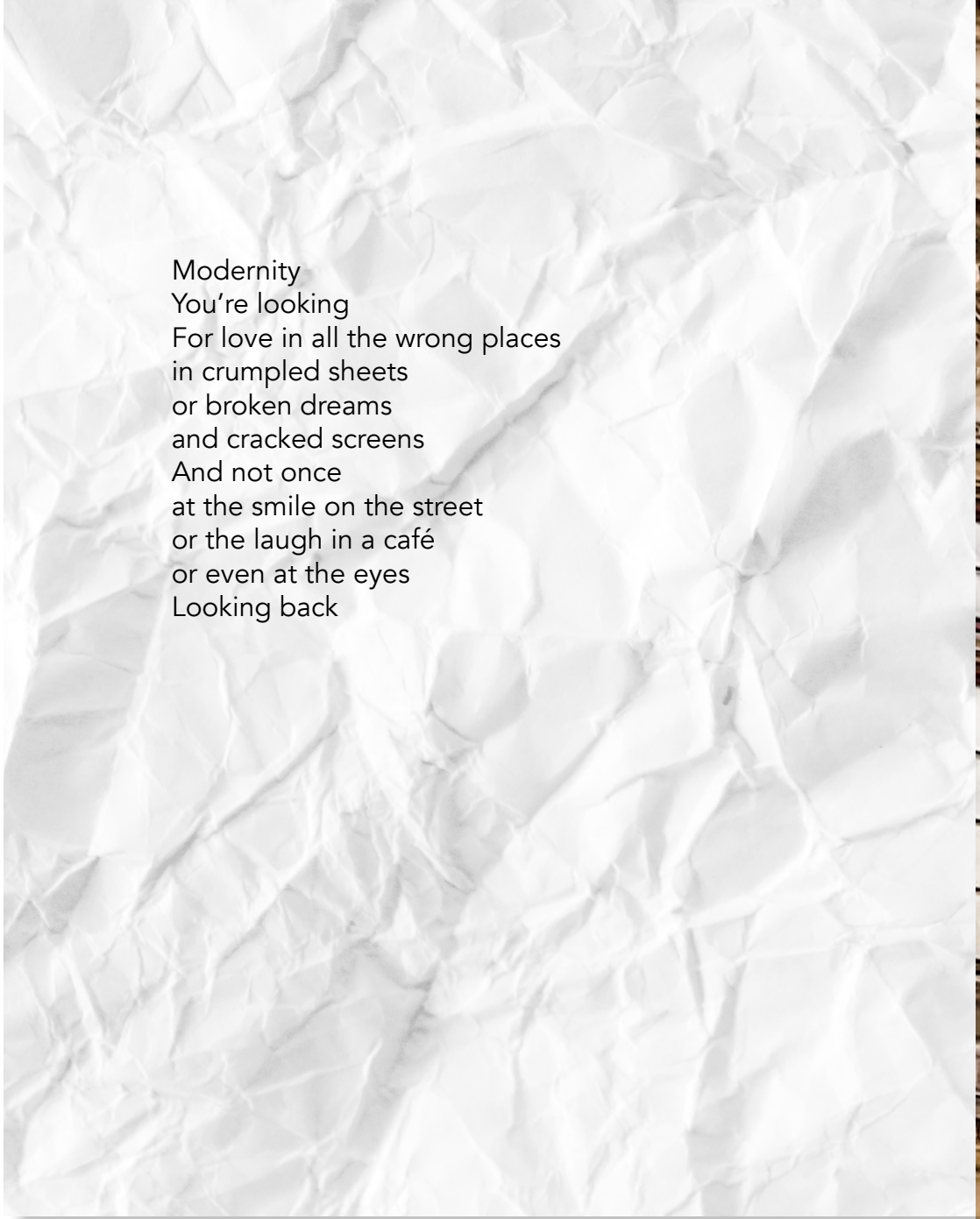
Shaira is a 22-year-old graphic designer from Manila, Philippines. She is curious, passionate, detail-oriented, and interested in all areas of design. Currently, she works as an acting digital art director for a fashion magazine in her country.

She is always creating and discovering new things to keep her creative all the time. She recently established a passion project under an instagram handle @shaturation—a creative outlet wherein she creates mockup posters and random design projects. In the next few years, she envisions herself establishing her design studio and collaborating with an array of creative people to create a design with social impact.

When not creating, she devotes her time thrift-shopping, creating new playlists on her Spotify, loitering around bookstores or probably drinking a cup of coffee. Thus, she likes to keep herself busy and stay cultivated all the time! :)

\*Get to know the rest of the team [here!](#)\*





Modernity  
You're looking  
For love in all the wrong places  
in crumpled sheets  
or broken dreams  
and cracked screens  
And not once  
at the smile on the street  
or the laugh in a café  
or even at the eyes  
Looking back





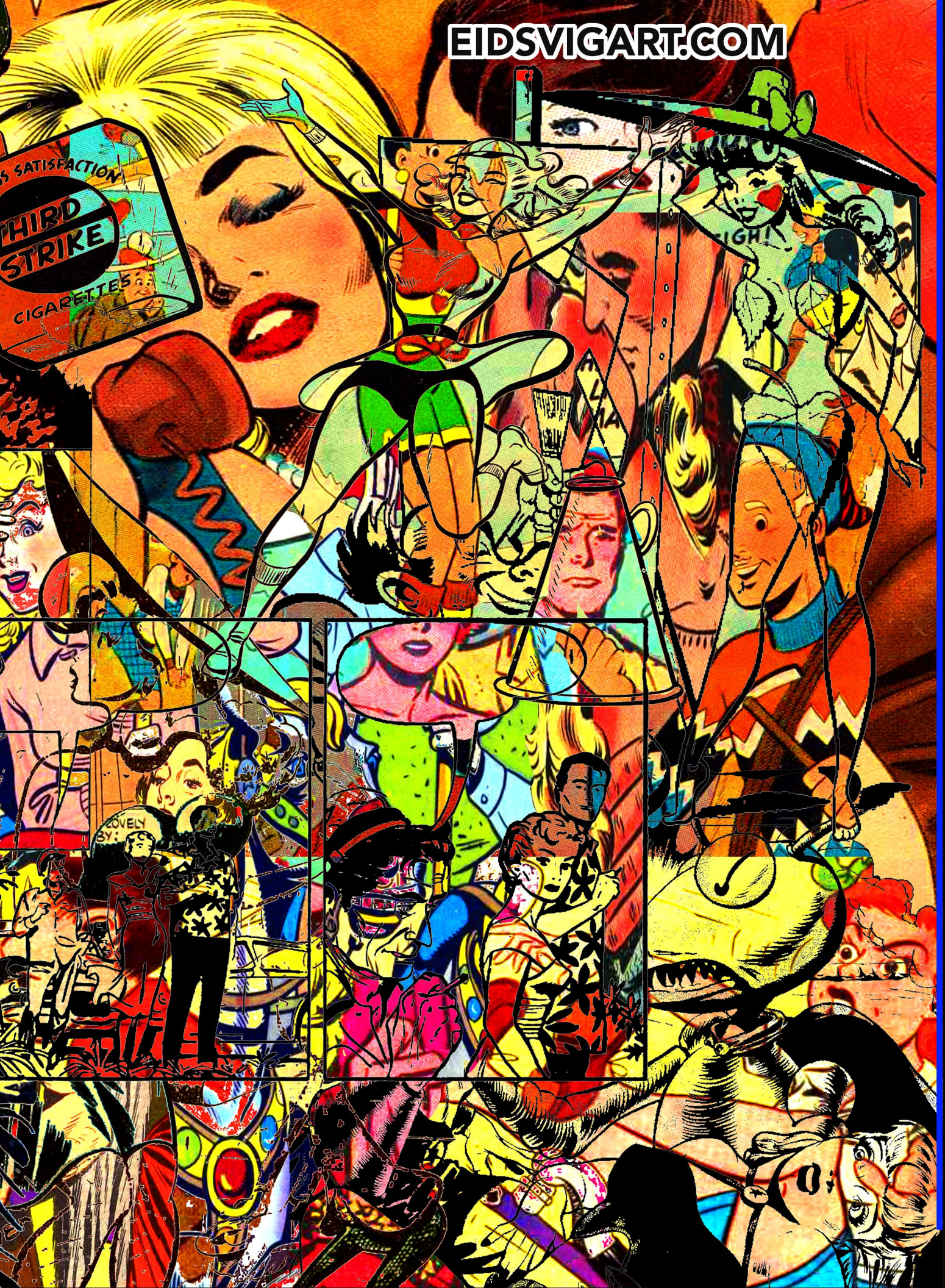






# THREE STRIKES











# LETTERS TO GRANDAD

Over ten years after his death, I still write letters to my Grandad. I miss him and I constantly wonder what life would be like if he was still here. For this 'Love' issue, I wanted to share my most recent letter with you.

And to anyone experiencing the loss of a loved one right now: don't ever stop loving them.

"9th September 2018

I've written many letters to you over the years, Granddad. In journals, on paper, by words to god, thoughts... Maybe I ought to write to someone living, but I don't think anyone would understand. And I miss you. If I keep on loving you then maybe that will keep you from ever being 'gone'.

Today I'm writing because everything is hard. Love is hard. Loving is easy. Having someone love you is hard. Trust is hard. My head is whirling out of control. Everything has changed – and nothing can go back to the way it was. I sometimes wonder if I would want it so.

Granddad, I'm dating a lovely boy named Tomasz. I think you would like him. I hope you would like me, too.

He's wonderful. I'm the difficult one. My head is all over the place!

Thanks. I'm going to talk to my mum, Granddad. You always help me through things. She may get it, she may not. But nevertheless, talking creates a space for understanding.

I love you.

I'm in pain. I've got to go.

Your little Emily Poppy."



# *The Manifestation of Self-Love*

Every Saturday morning, I curl up on my comfy grey couch  
A fresh cup of coffee in one hand  
And a large fiction novel in the other  
Later, I might check out a local craft show  
Or catch a few foreign films at the nearby theatre

I don't feel guilty about going out and buying things for myself  
Or staying at home on a Friday night  
While my friends head off to dinners, parties and various other weekend activities  
I keep telling myself that it's not selfish to crave self-love

Sure, it's nice to have someone who you can imagine spending the rest of your life with  
But honestly, I think I'll be just fine on my own  
Sitting in silence, alone with my thoughts  
Crazy ideas running wild through my head

Self-love always reveals itself to me in different ways  
Taking on new forms and experiences  
Appearing in places that I never thought to look  
And giving little notice as to when it will change the course of my day

Whether it announces itself through small, medium or large moments  
I will never apologize for fully embracing the wonders of self-love.















Your value doesn't decrease  
based on someone's inability  
to see your worth







# Proposal for a project by Trevor H. Smith

## LABOUR OF LOVE

Install a brand new Volvo F12 Globetrotter articulated lorry in a gallery space just big enough to accommodate it. Viewers should only just be able to squeeze around it, and the doors able to open just enough to allow visitors to climb inside.

The exhibition will run for one night; attendance will be by invitation only.

### Invitation list:

Trevor Smith Senior  
Trevor H. Smith







/

A girl used to sing a song in the playground  
[she loves me, she loves me not]

No, that's not quite right

[he loves me, he loves me not]

That's the song she used to sing.

She picked each petal

And dedicated it a line

[pick, flick]

He loves me.

[pick, flick]

He loves me not.

//

She told me to try it.

[pick]

He loves me, [She loves me]

[flick, pick]

He loves me not, [she loves me not]

It turned out that he/[she] did not love me

So I flicked that last petal, kicked

the grass, she grabbed my hand

And saw the sadness on my mouth,

///

Told me we could find other boys to love

Whispered she loves me [as a friend]

But she still loves me not [as i loved her]

I nodded, we skipped, watched the boys

[so sweaty, so wild, so rough]

[she smelt of spring and I liked her frilly socks]

"Any boys you love instead?"

[Still you]

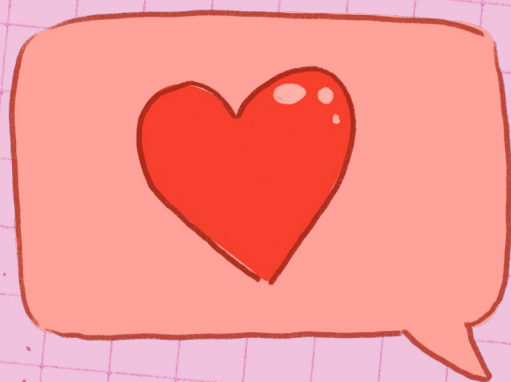
The one with the brown eyes.

[I really did love his brown eyes]

[but only because they looked like hers].

////

# THE WAY SHE LOVES ME











this is about fire

not you

it's about  
how insatiable it is  
how it feasts on all flesh with upside-down fangs  
claiming its territory with ashes  
it's like the hickeys you called vampire kisses that  
acted as stakes planted on my neck  
that held arteries as hostages  
and seared unloved skin

but  
this is about fire

and about  
how deceitful it is  
how it draws everyone in like a moth knowing moths  
are stupid promising the flames won't hurt  
and if it scalds  
it's not on purpose

so  
when you singed me  
i still stayed  
i swallowed your lies  
even though it tasted like burnt skin

but  
this is not about you

it's about fire  
about how beautiful it is  
how it seduces pupils with exotic dance  
how it tries its best to crackle songs  
how the hues remind me of your cheeks  
when we spent school nights lying on wet sand dar-  
ing each other to make the first move

this poem is not about you  
or how your hunger makes my stomach turn  
or that your mane resembles the subject of this  
poem

it's about fire,  
and how it is like you





# SING ME BACK HOME







Attached images are from a series called **Sing Me Back Home** that was made into a book in April 2018.

The project started as I had separated from a partner I had been with for 7 years, and quit my job and left on a road trip to "find myself" in the wake of this heartbreak.



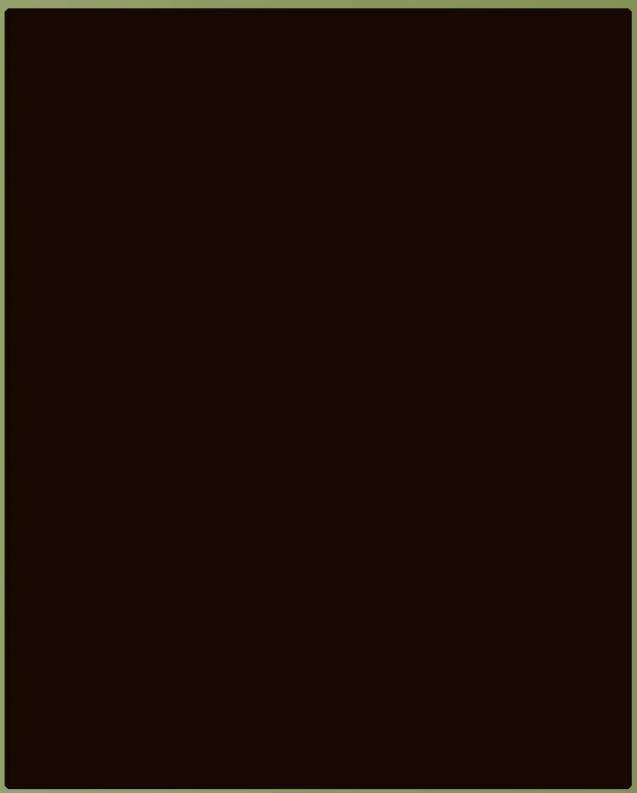
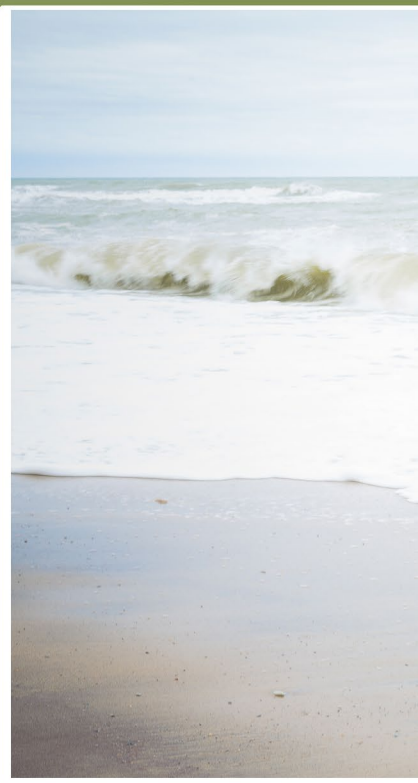
The images in **Sing Me Back Home** were made on road trips across the United States between 2012-2018.

I see the road trip both as an exploration of the external American landscape and as a way to explore an internal landscape through the use of text, image, and repeating themes.



The work in **Sing Me Back Home** uses the road trip as a means of searching and the exploration of the cultural and social









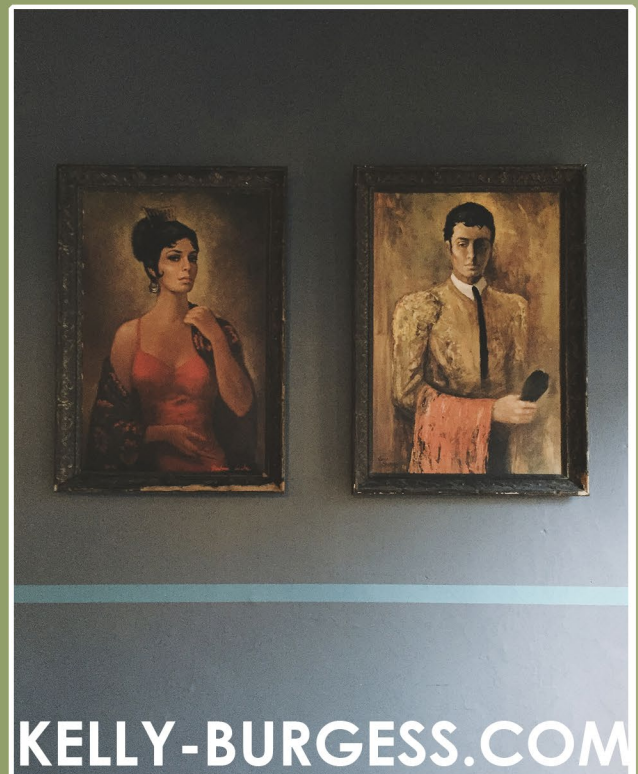






**THE WORK STRADDLES A LINE BETWEEN SINCERE  
AND IRONIC. I EMBARKED ON THE PROJECT  
EARNESTLY AND AS A WAY TO CATALOGUE AND  
EXPRESS THE HIGHS AND LOWS OF A HEARTBREAK.**

*As the project developed, I became aware of the almost ubiquitous nature of my feelings; how they were not unique and how songs on the radio could precisely capture my feelings or amplify them. I leaned into the irony of isolating and creating my own world while simultaneously going out on the road to search for fulfillment.*





# OUT MY WINDOW

When I look out my window, and look at the beautiful skies I think about the beauty of love

I see clouds, and they look, so soft to me, and that's what love is to me

I see the Sun, how it burns, and how hot it is, and I think about him making love to me

I see the moon, and think how it provides light when it's dark, and that's what I want my man to do, for me

I look at the stars, and know that there are billions up there in the sky, and I want him to tell me he loves me a billion times before my demise

I look at the dark clouds, and know that in love there will be dark days, but we have to be unafraid

I look at the rain, and know that once in a while I will cry tears of many kinds

Once the rain is gone here comes the rainbow, and I am aware of love's many colors

It's been said that at the end of a rainbow is a pot of gold, and a golden a relationship is my goal.







## whispers

Listen  
t[w]o these highway haloes  
their words drifting  
in through your open

window voices  
muted against  
the night rattling  
along  
pavement  
tracks  
like teeth

that dim  
texture of sound  
slithering in  
under the sheet  
nylon purring  
against wood  
and i hear you breathing  
against the concrete slick  
outside damp driving  
down dirt

then  
metal on  
metal on

clamoring before  
the train's whistle  
that warning

pools of midnight  
pour myself onto you  
fingernails dig wildfire  
into the white of walls

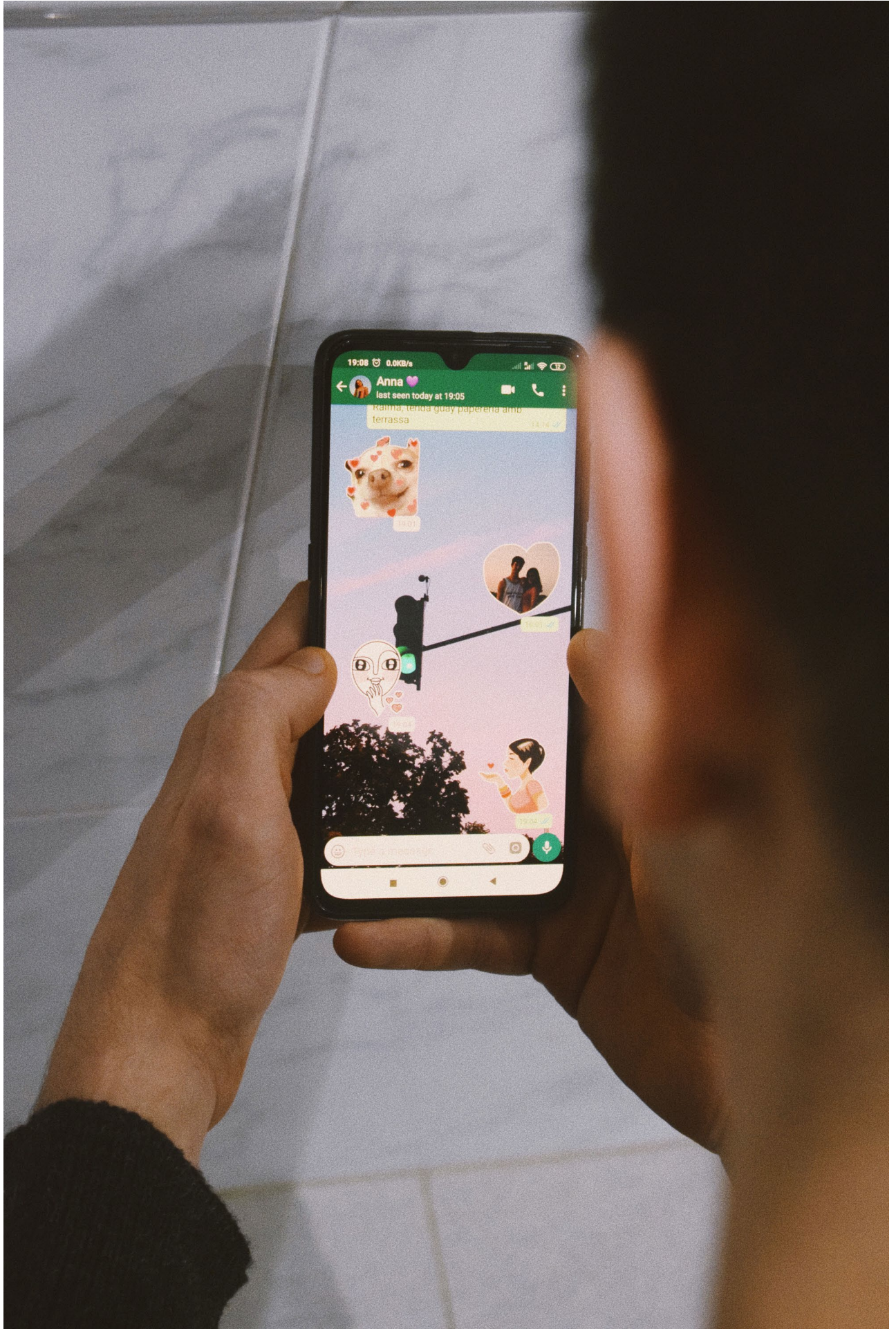
Listen, lover  
t[w]o rise and fall  
and shadows shift  
your patience, a light

my chest, once a cavern  
my chest, now a whole.















My dependency on you is recent;  
But each morning I wake up to meet you;  
Am I intrigued most by the sneaky scent?  
Do I become entranced by robust brew?  
The versatility helps me commit;  
Seasonally diverse to entice all,  
Roasted according to bean shape, climate;  
Americano, extra hot, size: Tall.  
The potency is your harmful trait,  
Lingering in my veins for hours,  
I must proceed with caution, restraint,  
To not let too much come of your powers  
Without you, I'm me, but with you I gleam  
Thank you, dear coffee, you're short of the dream.

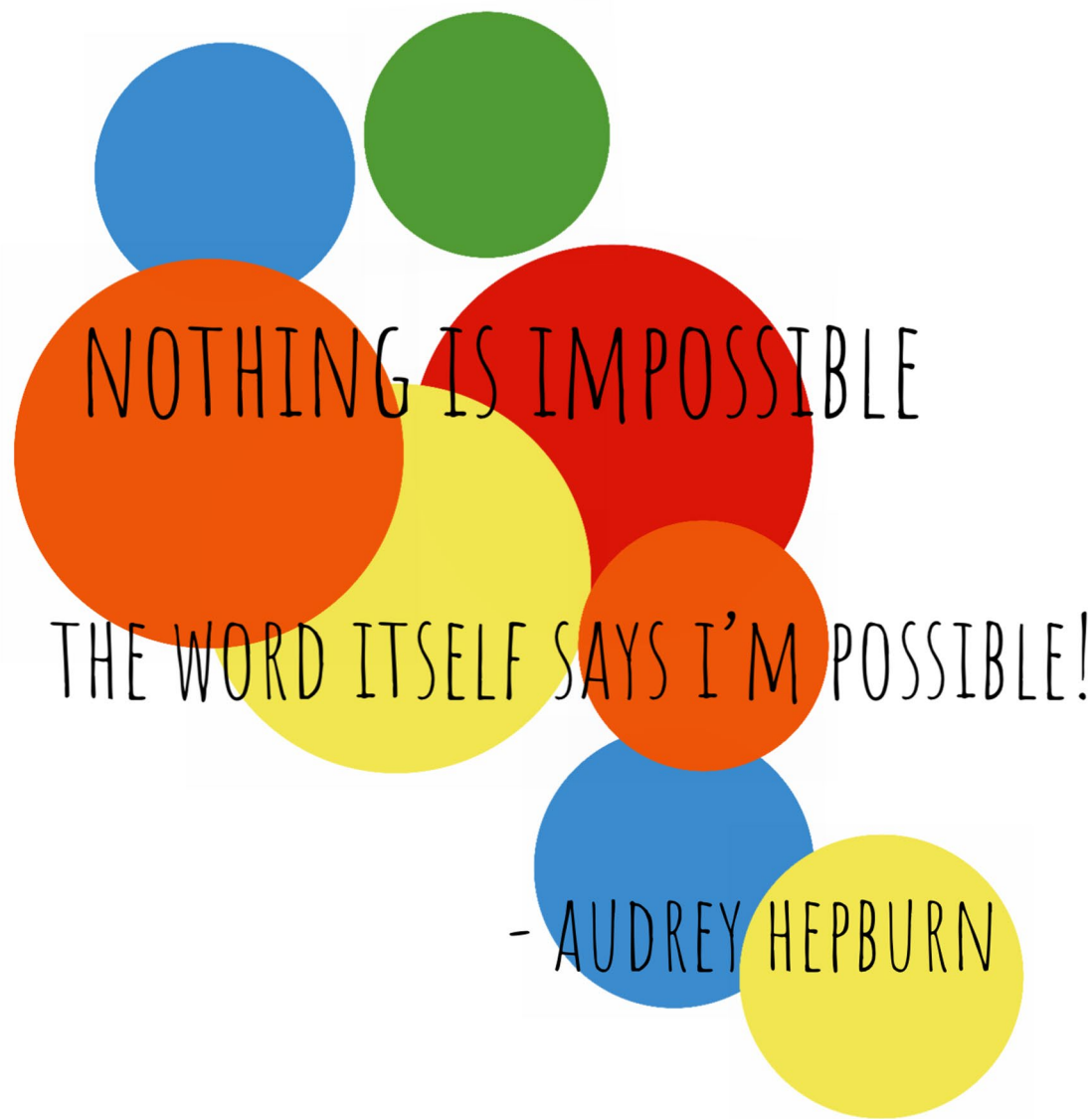
C  
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CAFÉ,  
MON  
IMOUR



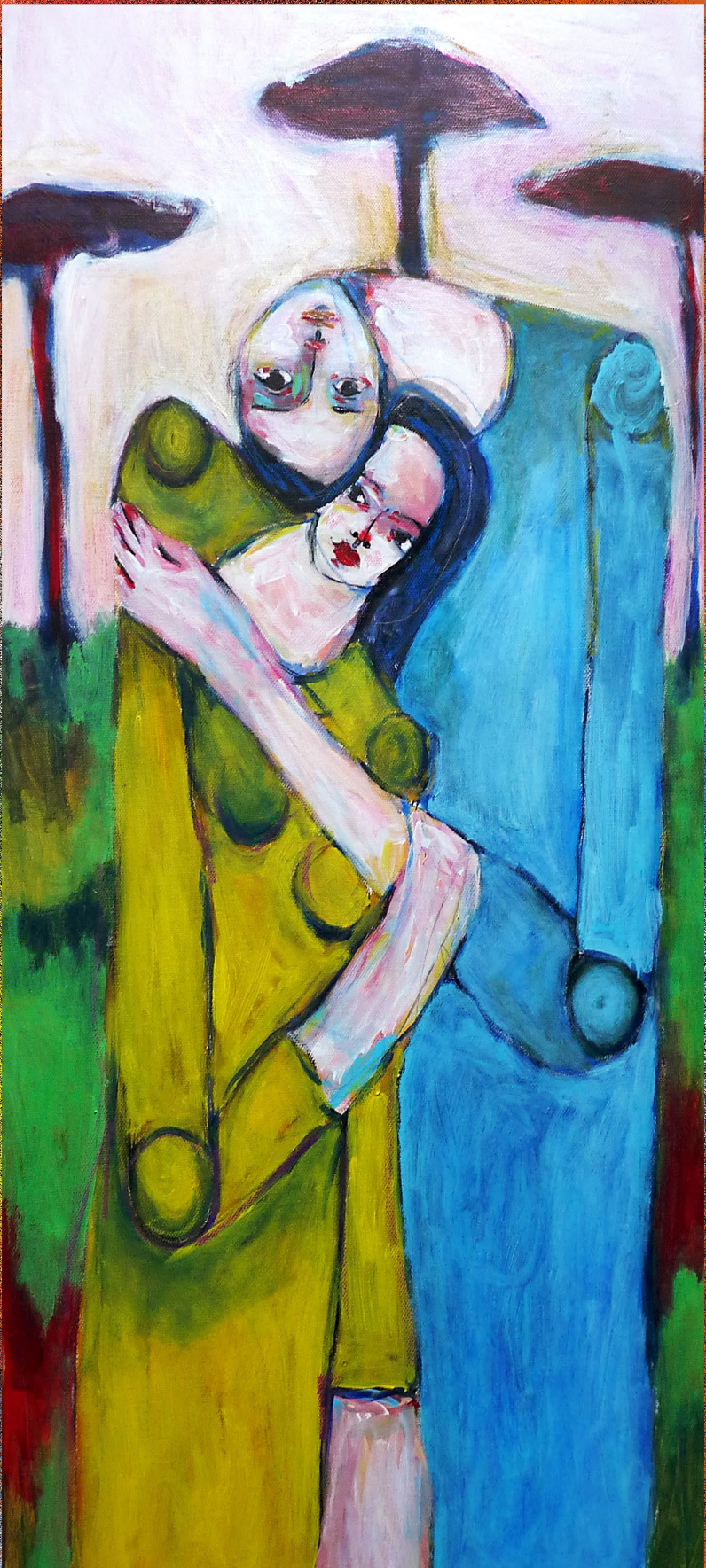




and how textiles were key in their family history including sample machinists and pattern cutters. Building on this Teri proposes an art practise which incorporates a craft based techniques into the art based discipline of installation.



ACRYLIC ON CANVAS



[san-tooshygalerie.jimdo.com](http://san-tooshygalerie.jimdo.com)

Teri Anderson creates work that looks into the idea of craft in art, textiles, installation and sculpture to create a linear or surreal environment which the audience have to inhabit. The work links to her heritage




# YOU & I

Up and coming Pop artist born and raised in Hollywood, FL (SoFlo) and currently residing in Georgia, Lilly Yanes (Lilly Yan) focuses on bringing out creamy synths, tender vocals and overall good vibes that'll let you escape into ecstasy. The song is an upbeat fun pop track infused with AMAZING SYNTHS about reminiscing on beautiful memories with your loved one and wanting to rewind/go back to those specific moments in time.









Lilly Yan  
You & I

1 month ago  
#Pop















# LOVE BIRDS









# Free Love

When people get entangled,  
they become entitled.

When you spend too much time with one person, they come to  
think that they own you.

I am a free bird.

My song is not meant to be sung from a cage.

It cannot take flight if hands constrict my chest  
and yet every time I love it comes with that expectation.

Humans are so difficult.

They always demand and demand,  
and never fulfill their own needs in their own way.

I am not here to fulfill your needs, my love.

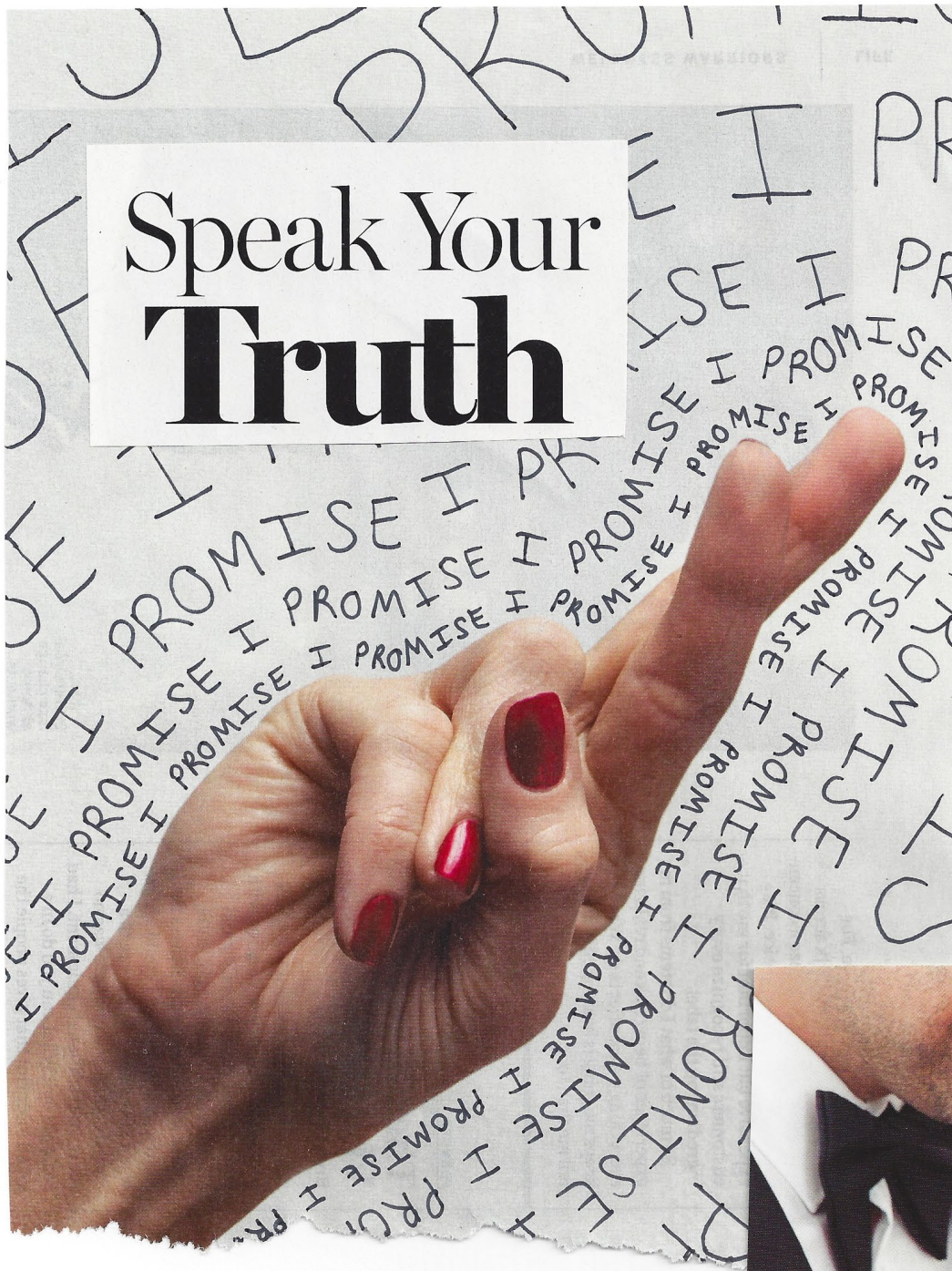
I am here to love only,

and to give when I feel I have something to give.

To expect to take from me when I have nothing to give... Is nothing  
but selfish.



# Speak Your Truth



I DO  
(OR DO I?)

I DO  
(OR DO I?)

I DO  
(OR DO I?)

I DON'T  
I WON'T  
I CAN'T

I PROMISE

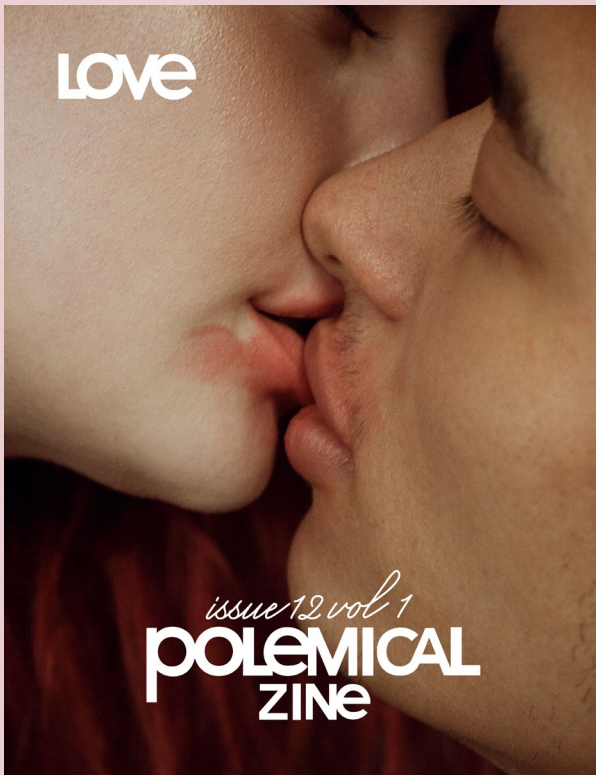


"I THOUGHT FOR SURE IT  
WAS ~~THE~~ GOING TO WORK.\*

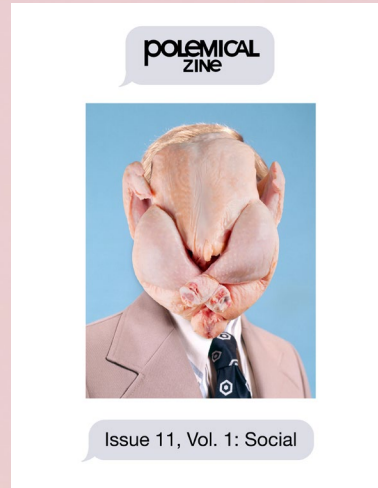
\*Based on Consumer Research Studies



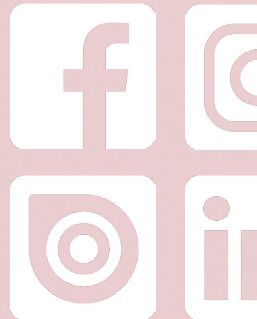




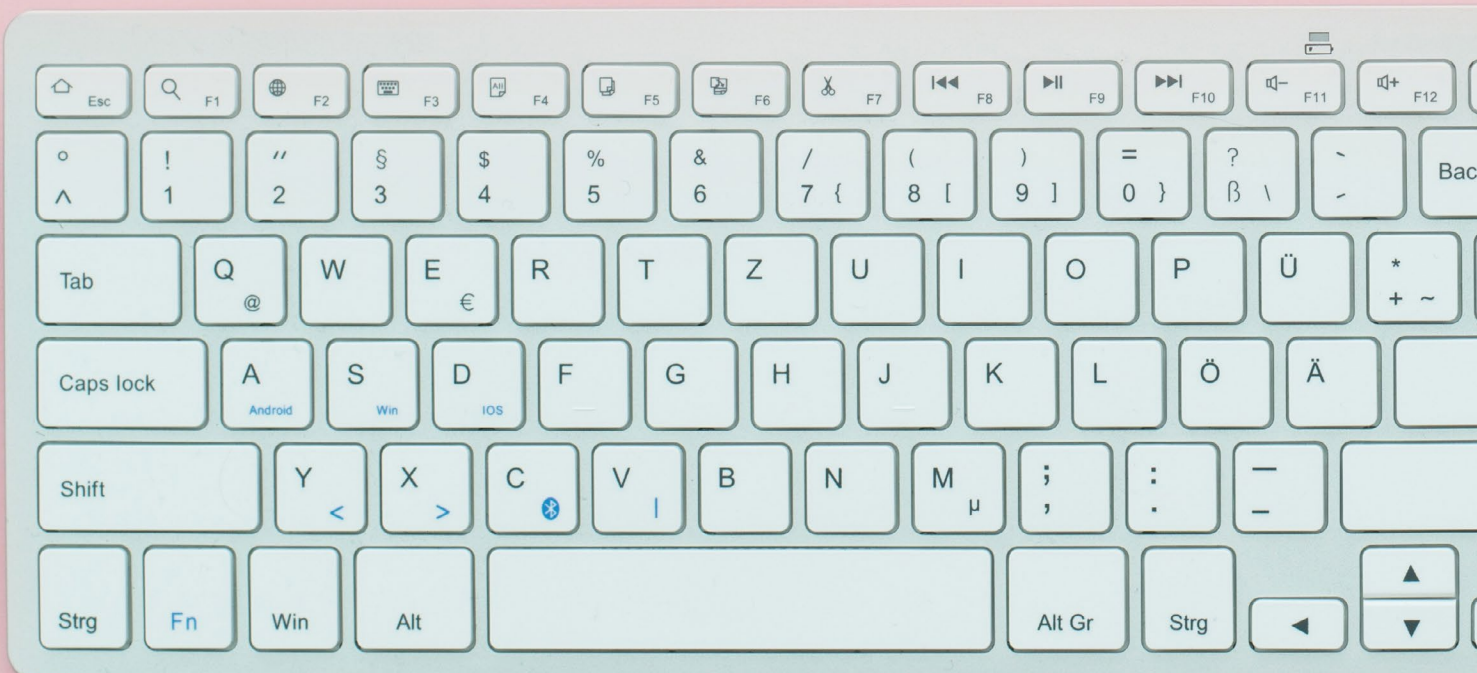
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@POLEMI



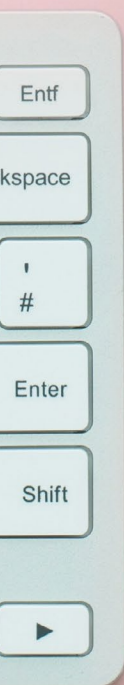
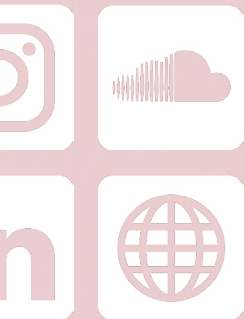
DON'T FORGET  
TO READ  
ISSUE 12:  
VOLUME 1!







CALZINE



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